

1916

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
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THE BOY SCOUT

*The Fashionable Wine
for Luncheon*

HAUT SAUTernes

B&G



THIS EXQUISITE
WINE SERVED AT
LUNCHEON WILL ADD
DISTINCTION TO THE
ENTERTAINMENT
WHETHER AT HOME,
HOTEL OR CLUB.

BARTON & GUESTIER
BORDEAUX, FRANCE

"—and well-gloved hands"

...The phrase always suggests a well groomed person. Does any other detail give such tone to the whole appearance as a pair of good gloves? Look about you.

It's a
FOWNES

that's all you need to know about a GLOVE.



HARDY ANNUAL
BLOSSOMS EVERY NEW YEAR

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again" from the Rio Grande, one of the first things he does, if he has learned to be a prudent and foresighted soldier, is to go to his newsdealer and make sure of getting LIFE every week by ordering it in advance.

Nothing to Fear

A PROMINENT New York banker has announced that there is nothing to fear from having too much gold in this country.

Most of us can now take a long sigh of relief. This problem of how to dodge the flood of gold that was pouring in upon us was commencing to get on our nerves. Of course, not one per cent. of us saw any of the gold mentioned, but we read all about it in our favorite newspaper and that was sufficient. Now, however, we can feel reassured, safe in the knowledge that the gold is here, that somebody owns every ounce of it and that the most of us will not be bothered with it at all. Thus does Providence protect the misfortunes of the multitude.

E. O. J.

VOGUE

Will Raise its Price to \$5

The present rate of \$4
holds good until February 15th

Owing to the tremendous increase in the cost of paper, labor and materials, Vogue—rather than lower its standard of production in the slightest degree—will raise its price on February 15th, from \$4 a year to \$5.

Vogue is not an extravagance as mere fiction magazines are. It is an economy, rather. Its advance fashion information and authoritative advice insure you against "clothes mistakes" and save you many times its subscription price.

\$4 invested in Vogue
a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown
will save you \$400

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

Consider, then, that for \$4—and \$4 surely is a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you may have before you throughout the whole year this world-wide fashion authority, thereby insuring the correctness of your gowning and saving you from costly mistakes.

24 Issues for \$4

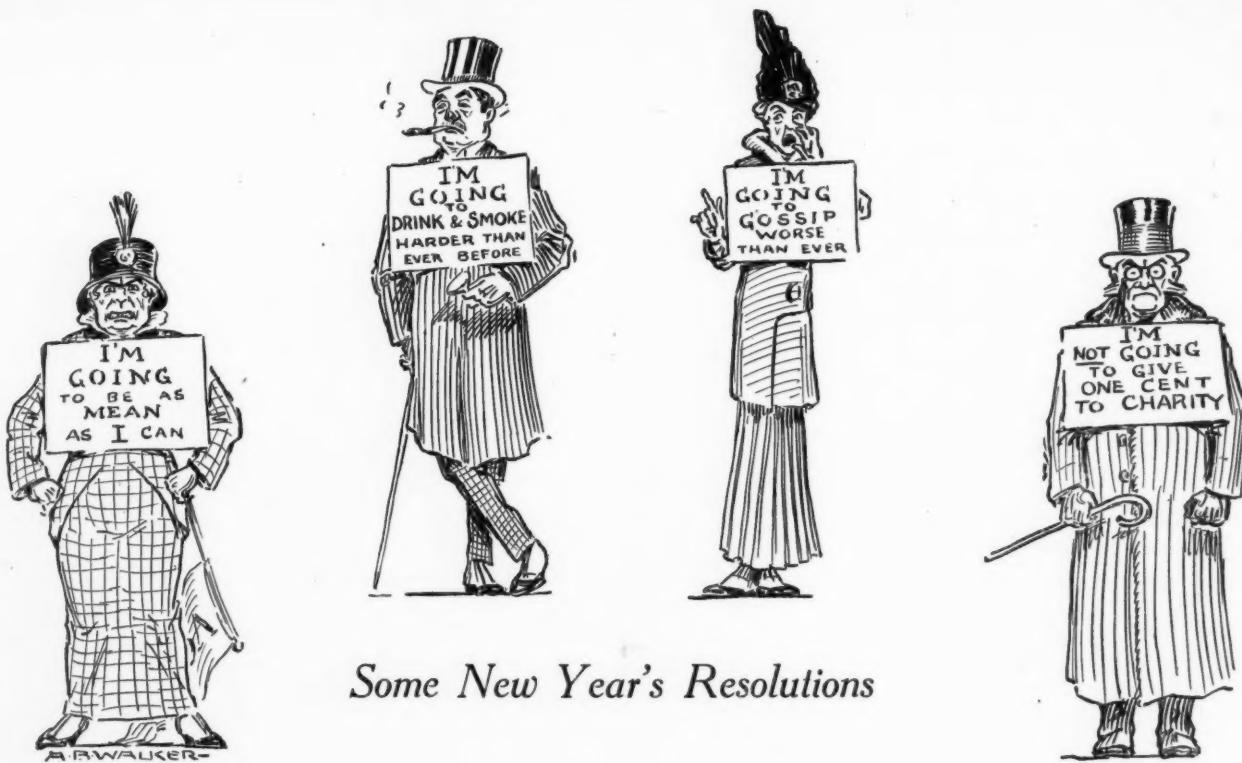
Even at the \$5 price, Vogue will continue to be the least costly per copy of all the American "class" magazines appealing to people of taste. Vogue is published twice a month, giving you 24 issues a year, instead of the usual 12. Thus you spend \$5 for 12 issues of *Country Life*, or the *International Studio*; \$4 for 12 issues of *Century*, *Harper's* or *The Atlantic Monthly*; but you spend at the rate of only \$2.50 for every 12 issues of Vogue. And if you take advantage of this Last Chance Offer of \$4 for a year of Vogue, 24 issues, you spend at the rate of only \$2 for 12 issues of Vogue.

VOGUE

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher
EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, Editor



Last chance to enter your subscription at the \$4 rate
Send me 24 numbers of VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York
(Lingerie) Number, at your special \$4 rate.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
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L. 12-28-16



Some New Year's Resolutions

Merry Christmas

This page will reach you during the Christmas season. To the many friends who, through its perusal, have responded so generously during the past year we hereby extend our greetings and felicitations. See opposite.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

68 LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Minerva: And I, being the wisest of them all, and realizing that LIFE is likely to be sold out each week if I want to buy it, am going to "obey that impulse" and send in a full yearly subscription before the year closes.



And Happy New Year

And to those who are not regular subscribers, but happy and irresponsible in buying LIFE from their favorite newsdealer each week, we also extend our most cordial compliments. (The main point is to be sure and not miss a copy.)

Look
for
Blue
Tag

B
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Clima
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Now
Modem
pool, ou
golf, ter
Passage
HOWE

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Seatag Oysters



Look for Blue Tag
are fat—not "fattened"; juicy—not "floated"; natural—not "freshened"; selected—not "promiscuous." A blue tag on every shell certifies purity, freshness and flavor. At better Clubs, Hotels and markets.

Armstrong Seatag Corp., Oyster, Va.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT

Climate Mild but
not Enervating | BERMUDA
PRINCESS HOTEL

Now open. Best location and equipment on the islands. Modern service throughout. Grill room, tiled swimming pool, our own fleet of yachts; superb drives, saddle riding, golf, tennis, sea bathing. 48 hours from New York. S. S. Passage of Quebec S. S. Co., 32 Broadway, N. Y.

HOWE & TWOROGER, Mgrs. Hamilton, Bermuda.

Explanations

Just why California, Minnesota, New Hampshire and New Mexico should have been so laggard this year of grace is not clear. It may be explained later. It should be and thoroughly.

—*The Evening Telegram.*

PERHAPS Dr. Gallinger can explain what ailed New Hampshire. Rublee may have friends there.

The *Telegram's* own special says the trouble in California was that Mr. Hughes tied up to the Regulars and affronted the Johnson Progressives, and that the Women's Golden Special with its load of woman speakers from New York made the California women mad.



The Older Generation: DOESN'T IT
STRIKE YOU AS DISGRACEFUL THE WAY
YOUNG WOMEN ARE DISPLAYING THEIR
ANKLES?

"ANKLES, GRANNY! THEY'RE GOING OUT
NOW IT'S KNEES."

Thoughts of a Thinker

MOST people don't realize that to be properly ill-tempered requires training. When they display their ill-temper without any previous design they are almost sure to flounder about at a constant disadvantage, like any novice. What makes me angry at the bad manners of another man is that they are unintelligent—they have not been planned out beforehand.

I have roughly divided women into two classes—those with whom I can be honest, and all the others; who, needless to say, are largely in the majority. My

position toward most women is purely negative. I disagree with them only at such points and in such degrees as will serve to keep them mildly interested in me. Occasionally I find a woman to whom I can tell the exact truth; and how delightful is the companionship, until some day I wake from the dream to find that I have told one truth too many!

OLD LADY: Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?

BEGGAR: I was always like you, mum, a-givin' away vast sums ter the pore an' needy.—*Boston Transcript.*



FIGHTING TRIM

WHETHER your battle is fought in the trenches, behind an office desk or in the home you need to keep fit.

It's comparatively easy for the soldier to keep up to scratch. The civilian—man or woman—has a harder task. Sedentary habits, insufficient exercise, too much food and too much hurry about eating it, combine to cause a more or less chronic condition of constipation.

Don't think you can dispose of constipation with a cathartic pill. Laxatives and cathartics cause more constipation than they cure and their persistent use is likely seriously to undermine your health.

NUJOL relieves constipation effectively and has none of the objections which are common to all drug remedies. It acts as an internal lubricant, preventing the bowel contents from becoming hard and facilitating the normal processes of evacuation.

NUJOL, put up in pint bottles only, is sold at all drug stores. Refuse substitutes—look for the name NUJOL on bottle and package.

Dept. 15

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

Send for booklet "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

The Gambler

**The Motorist who does
not stop to put on Weed
Tire Chains before driving over
wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles
with his life and the lives of others**

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a few moments of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets*. They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding*.

*Weed Chains for all Styles and Sizes of
Tires are Sold by Dealers Everywhere*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport A.C. Connecticut

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario





Mr. Bryan Pops Up

ONE begins to notice a change in topics.

Election is over. We know what happened and who is to be President.

And then the war. It is still the greatest topic, but not quite what it was. Its greatest question is already settled. We know that Germany cannot conquer Europe.

The details of impending history are of immense interest, but they unfold slowly, and while we watch for them to be revealed we sometimes think of other things, and even of our own affairs and our own future.

Pops up again Brother Bryan, and is received with headlines on the front pages of the papers! Oh, wonderful William, who being but lately dead lives again, and being no longer dangerous to immediate Democratic success, opens his venerable valise in the flare of the naphtha light and spreads out a grand assortment of new remedies before a smiling crowd!

William deserves the blue ribbon for resiliency. He is never discouraged, at least he never stays so. Now he is out to persuade the Democrats to adopt prohibition and woman-suffrage as national party policies; to promote the establishment of a national newspaper run by the government to instruct the voters before elections; for continuance of state control of the railroads; for abolition of the Electoral College, and for a change to make it easier to amend the Constitution. Mr. Wilson having won the election, along comes Brother Bryan crying, "Line up with me, fellows, and let us really do something!"

It is funny, but Mr. Bryan is a national institution of considerable importance. He is the Billy Sunday of politics. Billy is full of heresies. Car-

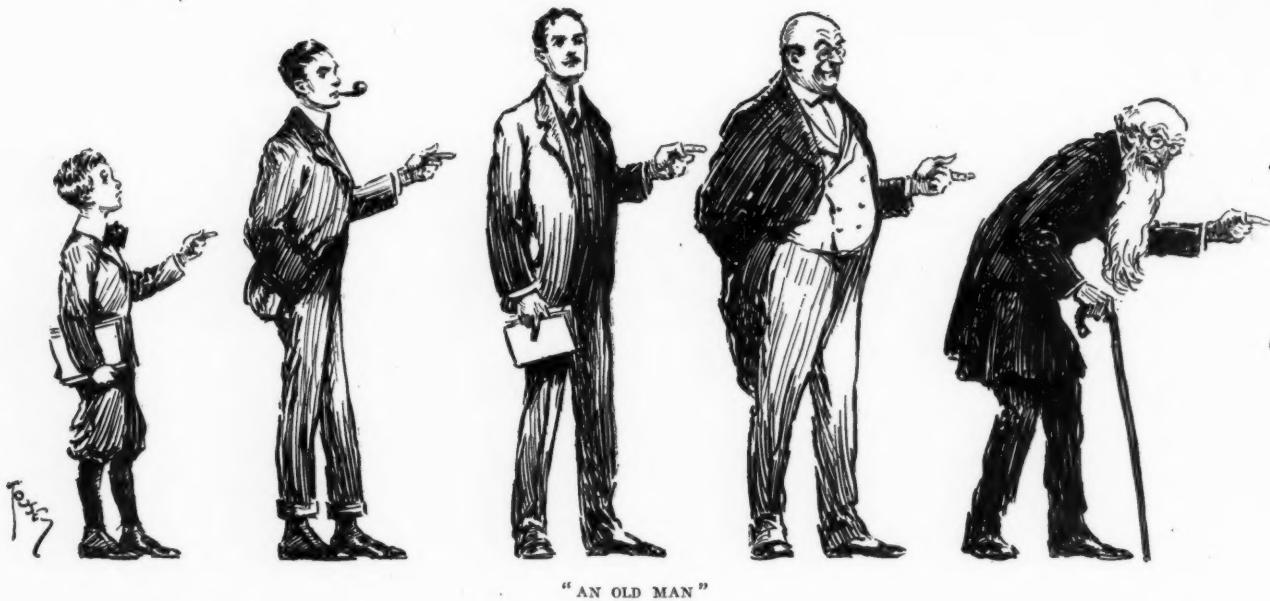
dinal O'Connell says so. His ideas about the conduct of life are very primitive, and the world made over to suit him would be a shocking place. Moreover, he is a rather dreadful talker and a scandal to reverent spirits. Nevertheless, Billy seems really to have religion and to have a remarkable power to impart it. He reaches the wills of men and makes them want to be good. That is very important. When it comes to the details of being good he is not a safe guide. He is ignorant, he is vulgar, his experience of life is narrow, and no doubt he has defects in grace and infirmities of behavior. So in the details of conduct he is far from being a wise guide. But his power to make people want to be good is a great thing, because people who really want to be good can usually

feel their own groping way along towards righteousness and discover by experiment whether this or that recommended line of conduct is profitable or not.

In like manner Mr. Bryan is weak on details, but a useful exhorter. He almost always heads right, but the route he recommends to folks to get where he wants them to go is almost always the wrong road. Now he shows a purpose to concentrate on a fight against rum. He wants national prohibition and the abolition of the saloon. He has often been useful in getting things done right, by threatening to do them wrong and getting enough voters with him to give bite to the scare. So in this case his bogey of national prohibition may lead to good by stimulating better minds



"OH, MOTHER! WASN'T SANTA CLAUS GOOD TO PEGGY?"



than his to devise means to abate the rum-devil. The American saloon, as conducted, is a ridiculous institution. It has no friends except its patrons, and not all of them are its friends. Everyone admits that rum is one of the greatest nuisances society has to fight, but many of the good drinks as well as most of the bad ones are alcoholic, and to make a clean sweep of all alcoholic drinks by a measure of national prohibition would be to do something that wouldn't stay done. That would be Puritanism, and Puritanism always fails in the end. It does not adjust itself to human life, and human life will not long suffer itself to be cramped by it.

The saloons can be vastly improved, and probably will be; the rum nuisance can be very much reduced, and ought to be, and probably will be, but Mr. Bryan's function in these desirable reformations will be to scare competent persons into the labor of working them out. He cannot do it himself; he doesn't know about drinks and cannot discriminate between them. But he may have a good Billy Sunday effect in scaring saloon-keepers and rum-sellers into an ambition to be good, and in stimulating competent advisers to show them how.

E. S. M.

SUGGESTION for advertisement
which is offered free to the first
underwear manufacturer that grabs it:

You can lead one of our Non-Scratchable Undershirts to water, but you can't make it shrink.



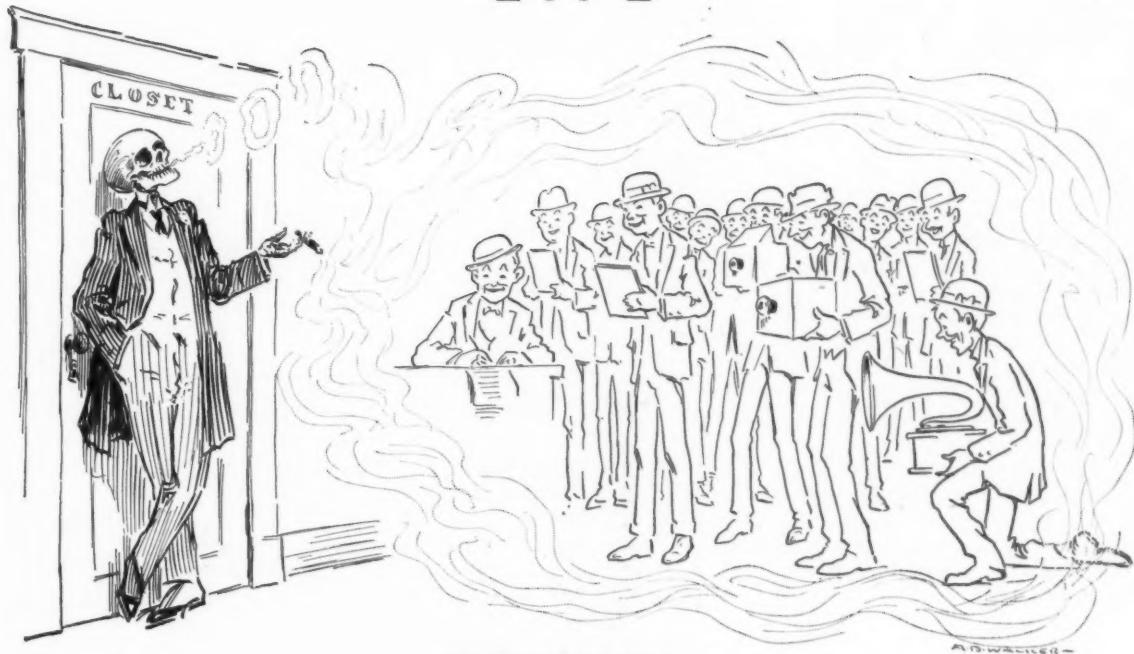
"I JUST KNOW THERE'S A WOMAN UNDER THE BED"



THE SKATING SEASON OPENS ON THE OLD FROG POND



*U-Boat Captain: I GOT SOME MORE AMERICANS THAT TIME
Uncle Sam: GOOD! NOW COME TO ONE OF MY PORTS AND I'LL MAKE A HERO OF YOU*



THE REPORTERS' DREAM
INTERVIEWING THE FAMILY SKELETON

Waste



We are undoubtedly the most wasteful people in the world. In America frugality is almost a lost art. Countless men and women are actually suffering, both physically and mentally, because they do not know how to stop waste in their own homes. Waste is a devastating thing. It goes on under our eyes; it goes on while we sleep—it is always going on. There is as much difference between honest wear and tear and waste as there is between an honest man and a thief. We waste our time, our money, our food. In a household about eighty-five per cent. of the heat from the furnace is wasted. Our children take more than they can eat and waste the rest, but before we correct them we should look at our own plates. The amount of gas wasted in jets unnecessarily kept burning in a single day all over the United States would, if we could compute it, be a staggering indictment of our folly. The American business man goes on the principle that it is easier for him to make more money to pay for the waste in his home than it is to "waste" his time in trying to stop it. His wife is unconsciously influenced by his example.

What can we do about it? Something, anyway. We can talk about it, gesticulate about it, think about it, and make up our minds right now to fight it in every way possible.

MISS B.: What a frightful night for a dance! But, of course, you've a taxi.

FRUGAL SUITOR: Well—not exactly—but I've brought you rubbers.

Have a Federal Board Do It

FEDERAL boards are gradually taking over the more difficult problems of government; why not have one to select our President? Some people are for abolishing the Electoral College; others for a six-year term and no repetition. These are merely changes in detail in the mechanism of government, but to have the President chosen by a Federal commission, or perhaps a congress of all the Federal commissions, would be a change that would amount to something.

That's the way it is done at Rome. The Pope appoints the cardinals, and the cardinals select the Pope.

Bucharest's Example to New York

WHEN the Rumanian government quit Bucharest it left "men well known for their German sympathies" in charge of the town.

Therein is a good example for New York. When the German occupation is seen to be inevitable it will be proper for Mayor Mitchel to turn over his seals of office to Bernard Ridder. Jacob Schiff, perhaps, might take over the police from Mr. Woods, and William Hearst be chairman of the Reception Committee.

Mr. Baron's Bull's-eye

ALL things considered, it will be recorded by the conscientious historian that the greatest exploit of Baron Astor of Hever was the discovery and promotion of George C. Boldt.

Advertisements You Have Never Seen

To the Men of France
 WE should like to think, and indeed, we sometimes do, that we are of the same clay as yourselves. We have our high moments of courage and of honor, times when we love liberty more than life and truth more than wealth; times, too, when our souls are not unaware of beauty. We shall only feel more akin if we know that sometimes you have moments of weakness, times of hesitation before meeting the task that fronts you, that sometimes you have known the voice of truth to be obscured by clamor and veils to come before the face of beauty, even honor to be shamed. As men, you may have weaknesses which we share, and we should like to share with you in love and admiration for the fabric we call France, into which have been woven strength and beauty and freedom and love and honor until France is a banner to our souls no less than to your own. Like yourselves we have our devotion to our land, in which may we never fail. What we lack, and what we envy you, is the power to make her name express only the highest within us, only the best and the noblest of which we are capable. Thus your patriotism knows no lines, no boundaries. When you serve France, when you die for her, it is for no locality, but for the holy spirit of man itself. May God make us worthy.

Henry Lance.

The Gentle Art of Nagging

NAGGING your husband is a special art by itself, and while some women have a natural gift in that direction, others can only acquire it by constant application. A husband in a house is something like a hippopotamus. He is often a dull, placid creature, hard to move or dislodge, especially if he gets accustomed to a favorite chair. He often becomes toughened by exposure to constant nagging, and it takes a powerful weapon with a fairly high trajectory to do him any damage. Occasionally, however, he develops sensitive areas, and can become a constant source of pleasure to any lady who likes to nag. Every woman knows, of course, that

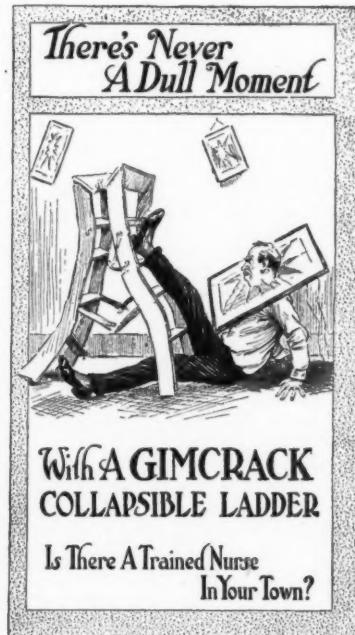
HURLY-BURLY MASSAGE INSTITUTE. Jolts, Jogs, Jerks And Jars.



(One Of Our Patients)

We Can Reduce Your Weight If You'll Live Through It.

her husband is more susceptible about half an hour before dinner, when he has come home from the office tired out. By studying him carefully she will also discover certain days in the month when she can nag him with the highest percentage of bull's-eyes. The art of nagging, however, is not all objective. Much can be done from the subjective standpoint. By intimating to her husband in many ways, which she can easily learn by practice, that



she is the most abused lady on earth, she can derive a whole program of amusement. The historical method—that of dragging up some dead, forgotten thing and talking about it all over again, and still over again—is also a splendid form of nagging.

Some wives, however, so blind are they, never see this at all. They just go on, hopefully trying to make their husbands happy. The high art of nagging is not given to every woman.

An Economist

A DISCUSSION at the dinner table was being held by father and mother, in the presence of little six-year-old Jim, as to the advisability of renting or purchasing a new home. When quiet came, Jim inquired of his mother, "Mother, what did I cost?" and the answer came that he cost about four hundred dollars, whereupon he exclaimed, "Wouldn't it have been cheaper to have rented me?"

WELL read can never come from poorly written.



GREAT AMERICANS

I. CAIRN KNOTT, JR., WHO HAS GAINED DISTINCTION BY BEING EXPELLED FROM FOUR COLLEGES

Prejudicial to Repose

THE newspaper account of the suffrage-banner episode at the opening of Congress had this information:

Mrs. Hilles, a daughter of the late Thomas F. Bayard, gave out the following statement after the banner was torn down.

The late ambassador was rather an old-fashioned man. Someone ought to inspect his grave in the old Swedes'

graveyard in Wilmington, and report whether it looks as though he had turned over in it.

A Strain on Affection

One republic must love another.
—President Wilson.

OH, yes; but Mexico is not a republic. It is a shindy. Must we love shindies too?

Things We Shrink from Knowing

THE truth.

Mary Pickford is married.

Hawaiian music.

Ourselves.

While we are not averse to having President Wilson re-elected, we are sorry to hear him say that he will make practically no changes in his Cabinet.

Fifty per cent. of the vice films shown at the picture theatres are made for commercial and not moral purposes.

Suggestive magazines are growing in numbers and size, while the periodicals of serious literary purpose are having a fight for existence.

A surgeon may cut at a man until he kills him and still enjoy an honorable freedom, but a drunken man may cut at a man and kill him and be locked up for life.

The more our wives and daughters spend for clothes the worse they look.

We never have enough prosperity to reach all strata of society and make them satisfied.

The son who has just come home a college graduate doesn't really know much.

The present great wave of prosperity in this country is founded on the misfortunes of Europe.

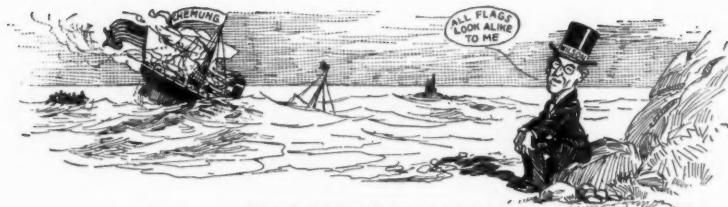
The United States contains as backward a state as Alabama.

The ideals of our youth have been smothered by the sordid details of money-getting.

We are producing fewer good novelists per thousand of best-sellers than ever before in our history.

Thousands of free-born American children are enslaved in mills and factories.

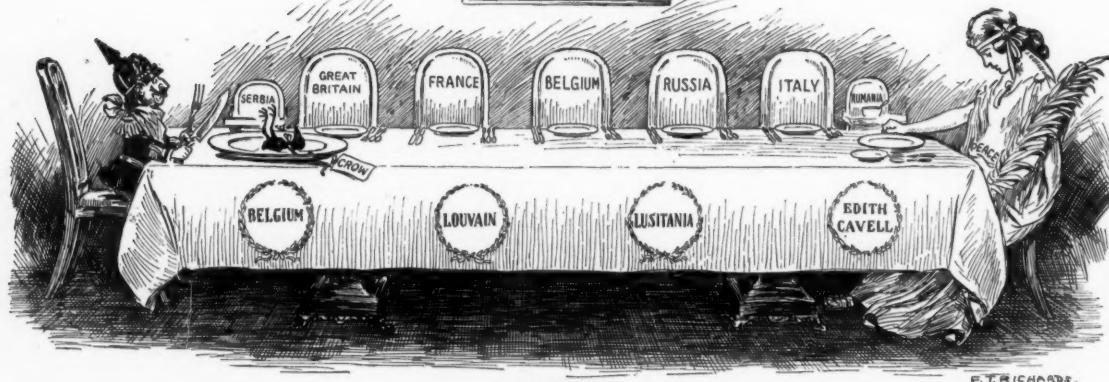
Billy Sunday is scheduled to save New York in 1917.



CAPTAIN DUFFY STANDS BY HIS FLAG

December

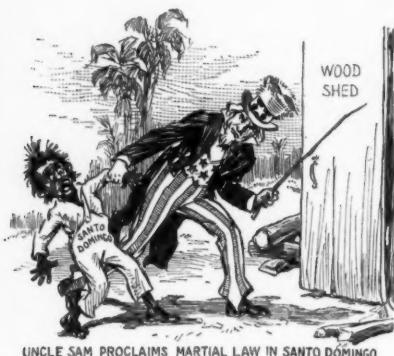
LET US HAVE PEACE



WAITING



PITTSGURG POLICE WEAR CORSETS

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENS THE WORLD
AND
"THE WORLD" LIGHTS LIBERTY

UNCLE SAM PROCLAIMS MARTIAL LAW IN SANTO DOMINGO



THE AWKWARDNESS OF CONSTANTINE'S POSITION



"ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO"



SLAVERY IN BELGIUM

The Bystander: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME THESE DAYS? HAS MY HEART TURNED TO FAT?

Cruelty Threatened

JUDGING from what one reads in some of the papers, there is need in New York for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to "Beautiful West Eighty-sixth Street."

It is proposed to run a car-line through that street, and the owners are all yelling.

Nevertheless, connection across Central Park between the East River and the North is about as urgently needed as anything that New York has not got.

How much do the owners of "Beautiful West Eighty-sixth Street" want for it, anyhow?

The Newer Love

MISS DE STYLE: Does she think very much of that aviator?

MISS GUNBUSTA: Oh, yes. She worships the very ground he flies over.



TAKING A FANCY TO HER



"IT'S THE BEST DAY'S WORK THE GERM SUPERSTITION EVER DID, DOCTOR."

Words of Wisdom of Noted Men

ALEXANDER: This will be the last great war.
CAESAR: This will be the last great war.
RICHARD I: This will be the last great war.
O. CROMWELL: This will be the last great war.
B. FRANKLIN: This will be the last great war.
U. S. GRANT: This will be the last great war.
W. J. BRYAN: This will be the last great war.

Vons, Hindenberg und Wiegand

Fifteen Million Men Lost in War by Allies Says
 Hindenberg.—*Headline in the World.*

GENERAL VON HINDENBERG, with the help of Karl Wiegand, seems to be trying to beat the Allies with his mouth, a method of warfare deprecated by the late Lord Roberts.

All the same, he is the Grand Old Man of the Germans in this war, and shows judgment even in his talk.

Karl wears a "Von" in his name now. Did he always have it, or has he lately acquired it from the German Von-factory?

A Modern Maid

SHE has a way of looking many things—
 Reserved or tender, sorrowful or gay,
 The morrow's promise, or the yesterday
 Of ancient wisdom. Old-world romance clings
 About the new-world need for questionings
 With which she qualifies her keen survey
 Of life in earnest, or of life at play;
 And subtle charm swift comprehension brings
 Lies in her clear response to word or glance.
 Half ruled by impulse, wholly sensitive
 To others' words—she holds in eye and lip
 The sorcery which conquers time and chance,
 And pledges as the best earth has to give
 The privilege of her true comradeship.

Charlotte Becker.

"**Y**OU didn't tell me, Bobbie, you were in a fight."

"No, sir, I knew you'd hear about if from that boy's father. That's the kind of a boy he is."



"OH, GEORGE! WHAT HAVE YOU BROKEN?"
 "ONLY MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS, DARLING."



"SAY WHEN"



DECEMBER 28, 1916.

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 68
No. 1783

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

OF course it was news of great moment that Germany had proposed negotiations for peace, and seemed to be ready to divulge the terms on which she would be content to stop fighting. Her proposals have been received with enthusiasm by the pacifists and all the shorts in the stock-market. We have had prodigious slaughters of war-stocks, at which persons not implicated have looked on cheerfully. Otherwise no progress has been made up to this writing. Through Spain, Switzerland and the United States, Germany's suggestion has been transmitted without remarks to the Allies, but in advance of that we have had a wild whurroo of comment from all quarters, belligerent and neutral, to the general effect that Germany must not hope to pull the leg of Europe.

All the same, one would like to know what is Germany's present notion of a basis for peace, and also what the Allies will take to quit. On the latter question Lloyd George may throw light before this issue of LIFE gets to its readers, but at this writing none of the Allies have made official response to the German overture.

The war has changed in its ideas and intentions since it started. It began as a struggle to prevent Germany from overwhelming Europe. It has pretty well passed out of that phase, and looks nowadays more like a struggle to prevent Europe from overwhelming Germany. The fact that Germany wants peace and proposes to make it implies, at least, that

she has put the notion of overwhelming Europe out of her mind. Some of the spectators think that the Allies in turn might as well put out of mind the idea of overwhelming Germany, both because it is so doubtful if they can do it, and because, if they can, it won't pay; both because it will cost too much, and because it will be unprofitable when done.

But the Allies seem very chary of accepting that opinion. They do not admit that they cannot whip Germany, but seem confident that they can. They do not admit that they wish to wipe Germany out, but aspire merely to inculcate, so that it will stay, the idea that the Prussian military system is wrong and profitless. In that desire surely they have the hearty sympathy of all neutrals.

None of the Allies claims to be enjoying the war, but, so far as one can judge, they all appear to be incredulous that Germany is licked enough yet to be worth talking to. Our newspapers with their reports of the preliminary talk from London, Paris, Petrograd, Vienna and Berlin, read very much as they did a couple of months ago, when Mr. Willcox and Mr. McCormick were claiming the election. They were both dead sure they couldn't lose, and had the facts to prove it. Yet one of them did lose, and the other only missed losing by the skin of his teeth.

The main difference between that situation and this is that in our election someone was pretty sure to win, whereas in this war, if they keep at it long enough, everybody is going to lose. You may be so much interested in a game that, win or lose, you don't

want to stop, but if the house is burning down you may have to.



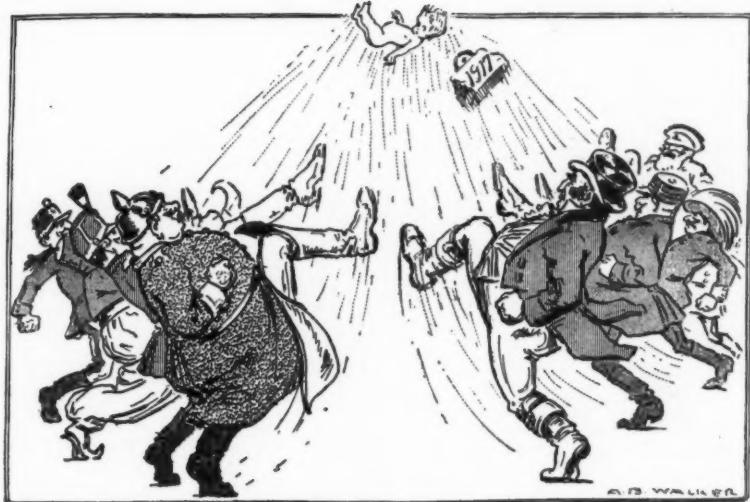
THAT seems to be the main point now about the war in Europe. It is a game being played in a burning house. It seems about time that the players should cash in and put the fire out. The stakes are great, to be sure, but it is becoming a question whether anything that any of them can win now is as valuable as what the fire is burning.

That is why Germany's call for a show-down has been welcome. It was a call that she could best make at this time. It is a fair inference that she would not have made it unless she was very earnest in her desire for peace and ready to pay a fair price for it. When one considers the horrible tangle that this war has got Europe into and the immense difficulty of settling the details of extrication, peace seems quite impossible until the rest of the combatants are dead. But when one regards the advantages of quitting while some of the youth of Europe are still left alive, peace looks a little more feasible.

And there is no convincing reason why as good a peace cannot be made now as later. If enough sense has been pounded into the Germans it should be possible to do it. But there is the hitch. Judging from what the papers say, none of the Allies think that Germany is mentally ripe yet for a conference.



AS for the relative strength and prospects of the belligerents, one has a large choice in what to believe. In a military way Germany is still well off, and in particular seems able to do what she likes with the Rumanians.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR?

But that aspect may change. There is great disparity of report about her food prospects, and about the amount of immediate relief she can get from Rumania. Her crops have been bad from lack of fertilizers, but how bad no one is sure but the shorts in the war-stock market. One hears that she will be starved out in three months, and again that Rumania will help her out sufficiently.

The Belgian deportations are evidence of the dwindling of her manpower. In the spring she will need all the trained Germans for fighting uses, and must replace them as she can. And she is doing it, and if the pinch on her is hard enough, neutral protests will hardly stop her.

One thing is quite clear—that the war is not going to improve in politeness as it continues. If food gives out in Germany the German soldiers will not be the first to starve, and if hostilities go through to the bitter end we may look to see some more records broken.

There is talk of the League to Enforce Peace as a factor in a possible European settlement. The German Chancellor seems to have it in his mind. That would mean an admission ticket for these States to all the troubles of the world, but since we shall hardly avoid participation in those troubles, any way, we might as well assume such international duties as are coming to us at whatever time our participation will do most good. If the works of

Europe can be made to keep time by using the United States as a pendulum, we should hear argument at least, before we decline that service.



HOW do our fellow-citizens hereabouts who die during the war feel about it? Are they glad to be quit of the din, or reluctant to leave while so much is going on, without seeing some end of it? No doubt temperament determines that, and in any case no doubt death seems at the time so important to a man who is experiencing it that he becomes engrossed in his own sensations.

Professor Munsterberg might have had something to say about that, but alas! he has himself made the great gain in experience and suffers the usual embarrassment in disclosing the fruits of it.

It is something to be thankful for that he died in uninterrupted practice of his calling in Harvard College, and that recalls that one of the great mercies that have befallen us is not to have been compelled to molest the Germans in these States. There was nothing the matter with Dr. Munsterberg, except that he was a German, and that condition which made so much for wrath two years and a half ago makes

more for sorrow now, and soon may make for sympathy.

Dr. Munsterberg had given part of his mind of late to peace terms, and his brethren at home may perhaps examine his ideas on that subject with profit. He wanted more for Germany than she is likely to get, but he wanted sincerely a settlement that would bring real peace to Europe, and that meant a good many concessions that Germany will be loath to make.



CONGRESS is sitting and liable to need special attention any minute. Our local papers hereabouts, without distinction of politics, are concerned at signs of a disposition in it to disturb the postal service in the greater cities, and especially in New York. The Post Office Committee of the House has reported in favor of a bill reducing the pneumatic tube service here and authorizing the Postmaster General to discontinue it altogether after six months. The House committee-men who voted in favor of this bill were: Moon (Tennessee), Cox (Indiana), Black (Texas), Blackmon (Alabama), Ruse (Kentucky), Ayres (Kansas), Randall (California), Britt (North Carolina), and Holland (Virginia).

The ostensible motive for the change is economy. Mr. Burleson of Texas, the Postmaster General, thinks the mails can be handled in New York by automobile cheaper, and perhaps better, than by the tubes. The use of the tubes costs \$500,000 a year, and to gentlemen who do not live in New York that seems too much. They agree with the Postmaster General that about 450 motor trucks (three times as many as now) will do the postal business here.

Now, mail trucks are about the most dangerous vehicles that habitually navigate our streets. They are big, heavy and always in a hurry, and the traffic regulators cannot regulate them. To put three hundred more of them into the congested streets of New York is a purpose hostile to human life. We hope Congress will not vote on it without full investigation.

L E



Their Hired Man at

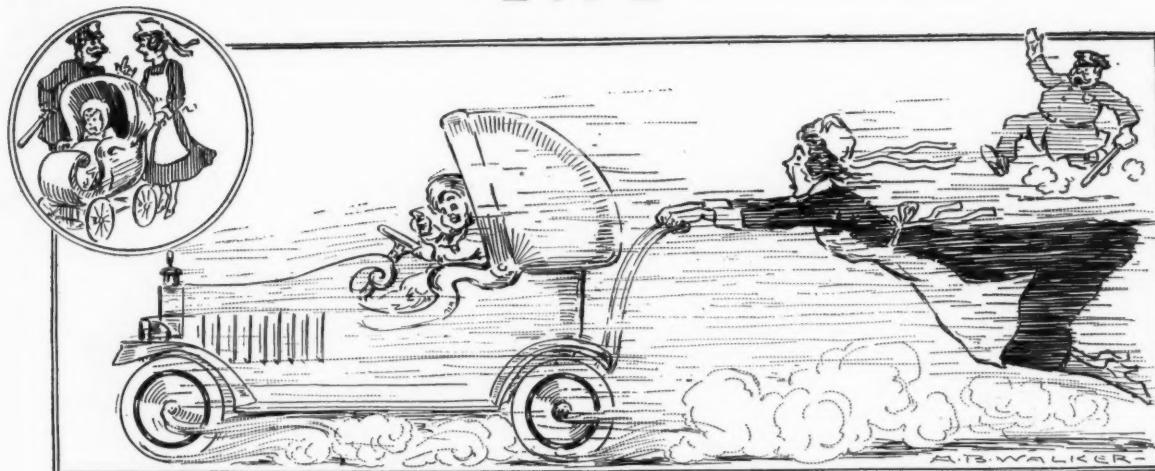
SEE NO EVIL — SPEAK NO EVIL —

L F E .



Hired Man at Work

— SPEAK NO EVIL — HEAR NO EVIL



NO MORE LOITERING, IF BABY HAD HIS WAY



The Season Takes a Breathing Spell

THERE is little sympathy in LIFE's heart for the person who pays a speculator ten dollars each for tickets to see the girl-and-music show at the Century Theatre and then kicks about the greediness of managers and the impositions of the speculators. There is no law which compels anyone to witness this entertainment. It is not a necessity of life. The victim of this kind of extortion has no one but himself to blame, and this holds true with respect of other persons who pay excessive prices for seats at other playhouses.

Theatrical managers have learned that the value of a theatre ticket is fixed not so much by the intrinsic merit of the entertainment offered as by the avidity of the public to see it. In the case of the Century show this public curiosity was skilfully worked up the country over weeks in advance of the presentation of the show. The out-of-town public, which is largely to blame for the excessive cost of most of the pleasures and luxuries in New York, was led to believe that this particular attraction is superior to anything of the sort ever seen in New York.



THE frequently voiced indignation of the public against the managers and speculators is almost laughable. The public makes the demand, and the others, being simply human, put their own prices on the supply. The box-office and box-office prices have nothing to do with it. The managers have found a mechanism that enables them to gauge their prices by the

demand created by their advertising ability or the real merit of the entertainment they offer. If the demand won't stand for the box-office prices the tickets are disposed of through the cut-rate agencies. If the supply of seats doesn't equal the demand, the public can be made to pay excessive prices by the aid of the speculators through whom the managers deal with the public instead of through their own box-offices.



IN the case of eggs a general boycott seems to have had some effect in the way of reducing an artificial price for an actual necessity. New Yorkers who possess ordinary sense are exercising something the same kind of self-control with regard to a luxury in the way of the theatres that, with the aid of speculators, have put an exorbitant price on their tickets. The out-of-town visitor is more easily imposed upon, and in his desire to see shows that have been vigorously touted in the provinces is the main support for the ridiculous prices that are demanded and secured for theatre tickets. Prosperous times the country over bring to New York an unusual number of outsiders with unlimited money and an unlimited desire to see everything at no matter what the cost. The supply of seats for popular successes, even with New York's great number of theatres, is limited and not up to the demand. No wonder the managers with the perfected machinery at their command for getting the last possible cent from their patrons are getting the most they can. In their places you or I would probably do the same thing, which does not mean, however, that you or I must see any particular show at any price the managers, through the speculators, may ask for seats. We have the blessed privilege of staying away if we don't like the price. But, if we pay it, we ought to be sportsmen enough not to howl because we have been plucked at a game of our own choosing.



ALITTLE hill in new productions gives opportunity to refer to two books that should appeal to those who take an interest in the contemporary theatre. One is Mr. Arthur Edwin Krows's "Play Production in America," published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company: It is a buxom volume,

and between its covers is comprised everything that pertains to the material side of plays and their production, including the practical business and mechanical side of the theatre. There has long ceased to exist the delightful mystery about the stage that used to be one of its greatest lures, so Mr. Krows in his full revelation betrays no secrets. He has gathered together in one very readable book a mass of information that should be valuable to anyone related to the theatre or who expects or hopes to be connected with the institution in any capacity. It should be on the shelves of every public library to help in educating everyone with theatrical aspirations.



TH E other is "Charles Frohman, Manager and Man," by his brother, Mr. Daniel Frohman, and Mr. Isaac F. Marcellon (Harpers). Like most friendly biographies, its fault is over-laudation and an exaggeration of the importance of its subject. This does not lessen its interest for the reader nor diminish its value as a side-history of the theatre in the full third of a century during which Charles Frohman was active in its affairs. It is calculated to disarm his sternest critics by showing how he profited by the educational opportunities

of his connection with the art of the theatre and by bringing into view loyal and lovable qualities hidden from all but his intimates. Through all the pages of the book runs a saddening suggestion of the still unavenged crime, the sinking of the Lusitania, by which he met his death at the height of his career. The book is not only interesting reading, but it stirs ambition by showing the prizes to be won in the theatrical calling by those who know how to grasp its opportunities.

TH ERE is one slur that the moving picture casts on its patrons which may be deserved or undeserved, depending on whether one regards moving-picture audiences as possessing ordinary intelligence or intelligence away below the ordinary. This is the length of time the explanatory texts are held on the screen between scenes. The person who has had even an ordinary education is apt to grow impatient and irritable when, between two thrilling scenes, he is kept staring at the same words during a period long enough for a primer scholar to spell them out letter by letter. A small matter, perhaps, but adding evidence to the charge that the moving-picture producers aim their efforts at the very lowest order of understanding.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor. — "Her Soldier Boy" with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Musical comedy of the customary type agreeably performed.

Belasco. — Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." Notice later.

Booth. — Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." Excellent acting of a Shaw comedy with the author's usual drives at the social traditions of the country in which he makes his home.

Casino. — Anna Held in "Follow Me." Brilliantly staged and amusing girl-and-music show with the star over-emphasized.

Century. — "The Century Girl." Girl-and-music show given its scope in New York's biggest theatre. Brilliantly staged and fairly amusing.

Cohan and Harris's. — "Captain Kidd, Jr." Pleasant little comedy with sentimental touches, all pleasantly done.

Comedy. — The Washington Square Players.

Bill of four playlets in different schools, acted and staged in original fashion. Worth seeing.

Cort. — "Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Extreme views of society life on Long Island. Well staged, but not entirely wholesome.

Criterion. — Last week of Mr. John Drew in the title rôle of "Major Pendennis." The Thackerayian atmosphere and characters admirably reproduced.

Eltinge. — "Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Criminal intentions made humorous and surprising in well-acted comedy.

Empire. — Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street. — "Joan of Arc" in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. Notice later.

Forty-eighth Street. — "The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Clever melo-

drama of crime, with the audience kept guessing to the very end.

Fulton. — "The Master," from the German of Hermann Bahr, with Mr. Arnold Daly. Interesting sex play, well acted by good company.

Gaiety. — "Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Comedy approaching farce, diverting and well acted with its heroes drawn from the ranks of ex-jailbirds.

Globe. — Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Well-acted but inconclusive argument for the better instruction of young persons in the problems of sex.

Harris. — "The Yellow Jacket." Delightfully staged and very diverting symbolic Chinese drama.

Hippodrome. — "The Big Show." Skating, ballet, vaudeville and spectacle done brilliantly and on a big scale.

Hudson. — Elsie Ferguson in "Shirley Kaye." Notice later.

Knickerbocker. — Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master," by late Charles Klein. A combination of pathetic and humorous comedy which, with good acting, makes for keen interest in spite of age.

Liberty. — "Intolerance." Elaborate spectacle in movie-picture form. Astonishing but not convincing.

Little. — "L'Enfant Prodigue," rechristened "Pierrot the Prodigal." Delightful pantomime, well done and with most agreeable musical accompaniment.

Longacre. — Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. The possibility of a Wall Street man's telling the truth turned into most amusing and well acted farcical comedy.

Lyceum. — "Mile-a-Minute Kendall." Country virtue triumphant over city vice in a moderately interesting farcical comedy.

Lyric. — "A Daughter of the Gods." Annette Kellermann, her shapeliness and swimming abilities displayed against delightful Jamaican backgrounds as the feature of a rather tawdry movie melodrama.

Maxine Elliott's. — Gertrude Kingston in short plays by Shaw and Dunsany. Notice later.

Park. — Revival of the excellent dramatization of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women."

Playhouse. — "The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Red-blooded and interesting drama of a down-sliding young man and his redemption.

Princess. — The novel little Portmanteau Theatre with a highly interesting repertory of playlets.

Punch and Judy. — "Treasure Island." The Stevenson pirate story, well dramatized and well acted.

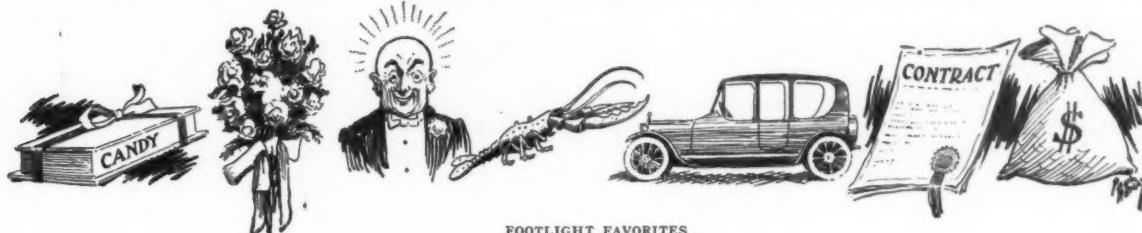
Republic. — "Good Gracious, Annabelle." Diverting very light comedy with clever lines cleverly interpreted.

Shubert. — "So Long, Letty." Charlotte Greenwood and her eccentric abilities in a diverting background of musical farce.

Thirty-ninth Street. — Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Comedy drama of aged persons, well acted and very amusing, with pathetic touches.

Winter Garden. — "The Show of Wonders." A much better than usual offering in the girl-and-music line to cheer up the downheartedness of the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic. — A nightly demonstration of the fact that cabaret and vaudeville beginning at midnight can find quite a few who have not yet gone to bed.



FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

LIFE

*Life's Contest in Criticism**\$500. Reward Offered for the Best Criticism of Life*

(NOTE: The Criticism Contest is now closed. The award of the prize will be announced in the issue of January 18. We shall endeavor to print as many contributions as possible before that date)

No. 3—Life *Pittsfield, Mass.*

AN invitation to criticism—criticism that commends or constructs, carps or condemns. How like LIFE! Surely, after the campaign, the vials of criticism must be exhausted, yet here is LIFE serene in the confidence that at the bottom, somewhere, a drop remains. Criticise LIFE? As consistently criticise your wife or pick flaws in a friend who was shouting for you when you didn't have a cent! It can't be done! I traveled back along the road of memory to the big drive against child-labor and I said: "When Congress enacted and the President signed, LIFE's fight became a law!" Barren ground for criticism there! Then I thought of the instrumentalities that have operated to make our drama clean; that in literature have set a new standard in selective values; that have made devotees of cant and hypocrisy blush for shame; that have rebuked the infliction of cruelty upon those incapable of uttering protesting speech; that have removed the fur coat from art and made even old Adam's corpuscles shout for joy—and I thought of LIFE! My criticism of LIFE, if criticism there must be, is simply this: It is a great publication because it is not afraid to laugh, even at itself. It is an influential publication because it does not hesitate to take Josephus at less than his own valuation. It is a clever publication because—oh, I cannot crowd the reasons into two hundred and fifty words.

No. 4

TO LIFE:

FIRST. Your extreme pro-Ally attitude is too strong. You should cater to every nationality and show the American sense of fair play. Most of us are pro-Ally, yet we like to see both sides of this affair. As they say in the classics, "Give the devil his dues."

Second: Your editorials are clean, educational and command respect. When we find that our views do not correspond with yours, we should stop reading the editorial—but we don't. We are drawn on by the underlying humor, that compels us to "obey that impulse," and we go on.

THIRD. Your dramatic criticisms are unbiased and save us much mental anguish. By consulting LIFE, we know, before we go to the theatre, whether we are going to see sprightly maids in pneumonia-producing costumes, or a sex play that would shock the master of a Turkish harem.

FOURTH. The rough-shod manner in which you go after the radical M. D.'s is worthy of praise. Your fight against dissecting, plague scares and compulsory vaccination, is shared by most of your readers.

FFIFTH. Your most humane accomplishments are: Your Annual Fresh Air Farm and the Orphaned Baby Fund.

These acts of humanity are worth more than miles of pathetic copy, handed us by other magazines. Actions count.

SIXTH. Your greatest asset is the faith, enjoyed by your large following. We believe in you to do right, and thus far we have had few disappointments.

No. 5 *Brandon, Minn.*

LIFE is like a little old gentleman, born a good many years ago in aristocratic surroundings, carefully reared according to tradition and sheltered as much as possible from contact with the vulgar realities. He has naturally a good understanding, a quick and kindly wit and the clear appreciation of human frailty which comes of grace and cannot be inculcated. In dealing with politics, literature, the drama, and art he holds his own with any one. But he was reared in careful ignorance of science, came to believe that things were so because they were so and that received



MAN AND WIFE

"BE GLAD YE'RE NOTHIN' BUT A WEAK FOOL WOMAN.
IF YER WAS A MAN I'D BREAK EVERY BONE IN YER BODY."
"FERGIT IT. COME ON."

Modern Courtesy

SHOULD a lady get up and give a gentleman a seat in the car? That, doubtless, depends somewhat upon the gentleman. If he is young and handsome or quite old and feeble, yes. If he is able to stand up fairly well, then ladies should be governed in such cases by their individual judgments. There are undoubtedly some men who do not expect to have women give up their seats. There are other men who, when given a seat, do not as much as say "Thank you." All this, however, being frankly admitted, it still remains true that every real lady will offer her seat to a gentleman if he looks deserving. It helps her as much as it does him. It is true modern courtesy.

A PADDED cell—the Christmas gift-book.



WINTER SPORTS FOR 1917

opinions were no more susceptible of argument than that soup came before fish. So on many points he is curiously ignorant, prejudiced, behind the man in the street, a survival of a distant century. With wild prohibitionists seething all about him he drinks his toddy with one hand and with the other caresses the head of a little child and sees no inconsistency in so doing.

No. 6 *Westmount,
Quebec, Canada.*

HAVING read LIFE faithfully for several years past, and always with interest, it is pleasant to put down the judgment which I have instinctively passed on it. There is much to praise. The name of the paper well indicates its mission—to present life as it is—this strange complex of the noble and ignoble, the joyful and the sorrowful, the sincere and the hypocritical, the hope and the disappointment. And this task is accomplished with a large degree of success. It's never dull, and in the last two years and over, some of the most tremendous indictments of the falsities and brutalities of the German leaders have found place in the pages of LIFE to the great satisfaction of those of its readers who believe that no language can ever sufficiently condemn these pests of humanity. The adverse criticism I find myself passing is that the makers of LIFE too insistently and persistently sound the note of pessimism which found its most fitting expression many centuries ago, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There's a bitter taste at the bottom of the cup LIFE so temptingly holds out to its readers. I cannot say it is untrue except in the sense of being out of proportion. A larger place should be given to pure fun, for in this sad old world we need all the help we can get to keep us sweet and wholesome. The shadows which darken life need all the lights.

Private and Public

"If the regulation of transportation facilities privately owned should fail," says Mr. Alfred P. Thom, chief counsel of the Southern Railway, "government ownership must follow."

Is this intended as a piece of advice, a threat or merely a sagacious remark? If intended as a sagacious remark, it is not very sagacious. We may assume that we are always going to have railroads. If we are always going to have railroads these railroads must always be owned. Excluding all the lower animals from participation in this ownership, then it follows that the railroads, if they are going to be owned, must be owned either by a part of the people or by all the people. If owned by a part of the people, they are privately owned; if owned by all the people, they are publicly or governmentally owned.

The next time, therefore, that you hear a friend remark that if private ownership fails, government ownership is inevitable, smile good-naturedly and mark up another platitude against his record.

Hard to Deal With

WOMEN of the sort who started the disturbance with a suffrage flag at the opening of Congress are hard, of course, to deal with. Like the English militants, they shelter themselves behind the habits of civilization to violate its restraints.

One sees women from time to time who ought to have been in Belgium when the Germans took it.

"I HOPE you find your daughter much improved since she went to college."

"She's educated," replied the old-fashioned mother, "but I can't say she's improved."

631 Babies



LUCIENNE BERARD,
BABY 337

LIFE wonders whether its readers appreciate the tremendous amount of good done and misery averted by their generosity. The dry statement that six hundred and thirty-one babies have been kept with their mothers, instead of being sent to public institutions, at first glance means little. But picture it; bring to your mind's eye, if you can, that army of little children and the saddened mothers who, in them and their companionship, seek what little of happiness is left in their bereavement. LIFE's readers who have contributed to this fund can be

happier in the joys of this festive season through their consciousness of the aid they have brought to these children and their sorrowing mothers. LIFE has received \$46,240.28, from which it has remitted to Paris 24,286.99 francs.

Contributors who have received the names and addresses of the babies assigned to them can get in direct communication with their beneficiaries through the mails by addressing the mothers at the address given. The subscription should be: Mme. Veuve (here the surname of the child), Mère de l'Orphelin (or l'Orpheline, if a girl), followed by the name of the child and the address, including town and department or, if in Paris, the Arrondissement. Letters need not be in French, as the mothers will doubtless find someone who can translate them.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

Anonymous, London, England, for Baby No. 500.....	\$73
Mrs. E. F. H., West Point, N. Y., for Baby No. 501.....	73
Joseph and Mary Annis, Detroit, Mich., for Babies Nos. 502 and 503.....	146
Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Scott, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 504.....	73
Charles S. Pierce, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 505.....	73
Virginia Frances and Anna Allen Danson, Glendale, O., for Baby No. 506.....	73
David Gray, Jr., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., for Baby No. 507.....	73
H. C. MacRae, Baltimore, Md., for Baby No. 508.....	73
Mrs. John C. Kirby, New Brighton, S. I., for Baby No. 600.....	73
Mrs. Mary Chase Kimball, Waterbury, Conn., for Baby No. 601.....	73
Clara McAllister, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 602.....	73
A. W. B., Bangor, Me., for Baby No. 603.....	73
Lakeview Club, Great Falls, Montana, for Baby No. 604.....	73
Helen J. McKeen, Brunswick, Me., for Baby No. 605.....	73
Moore & Thompson Paper Co., Bellows Falls, Vt., for Babies Nos. 606 and 607.....	146
Chas. W. Sanford, Clayton, N. Mexico, for Baby No. 608.....	73
"Sally, Molly and Joy," Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 609.....	73
Mrs. Ernest W. Marland, Ponca City, Okla., for Baby No. 610.....	73
John Parmenter Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 611.....	73
William Gorham Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 612.....	73
Gorham Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 613.....	73
Margaret Fisher Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 614.....	73
Ann Bywater Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 615.....	73
Jean Marvine Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Baby No. 616.....	73
Manuel Hector and Rafael Ivanhoe de Chopitea, Buenos Aires, Argentina, for Babies Nos. 617 and 618.....	146

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.



DENISE COTTENET, BABY 354, HER MOTHER AND SISTER

Mr. F. L. Dunne, Mr. Charles J. Erickson and Mr. Thomas Jackson, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 619.....	73
Alfred Ogle, Charlotte Ogle, Laird Ogle, Terre Haute, Ind., for Baby No. 620.....	73
Frances and Janet Folson, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 621.....	73
The Sociology Class of National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., for Baby No. 622.....	73
Missoula County High School, \$30; proceeds of Tag Day at Missoula, Montana, \$262, for Babies Nos. 623, 624, 625 and 626.....	292
Madame Louis Ritz, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Baby No. 627.....	73
Robert M. Jeffress, Richmond, Va., for Baby No. 628.....	73
Ruth I. Skinner, 2d, Holyoke, Mass., for Baby No. 629.....	73
Martha Skinner, Holyoke, Mass., for Baby No. 630.....	73
Heloise Mackleen, Toronto, Canada, for Baby No. 631.....	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 580

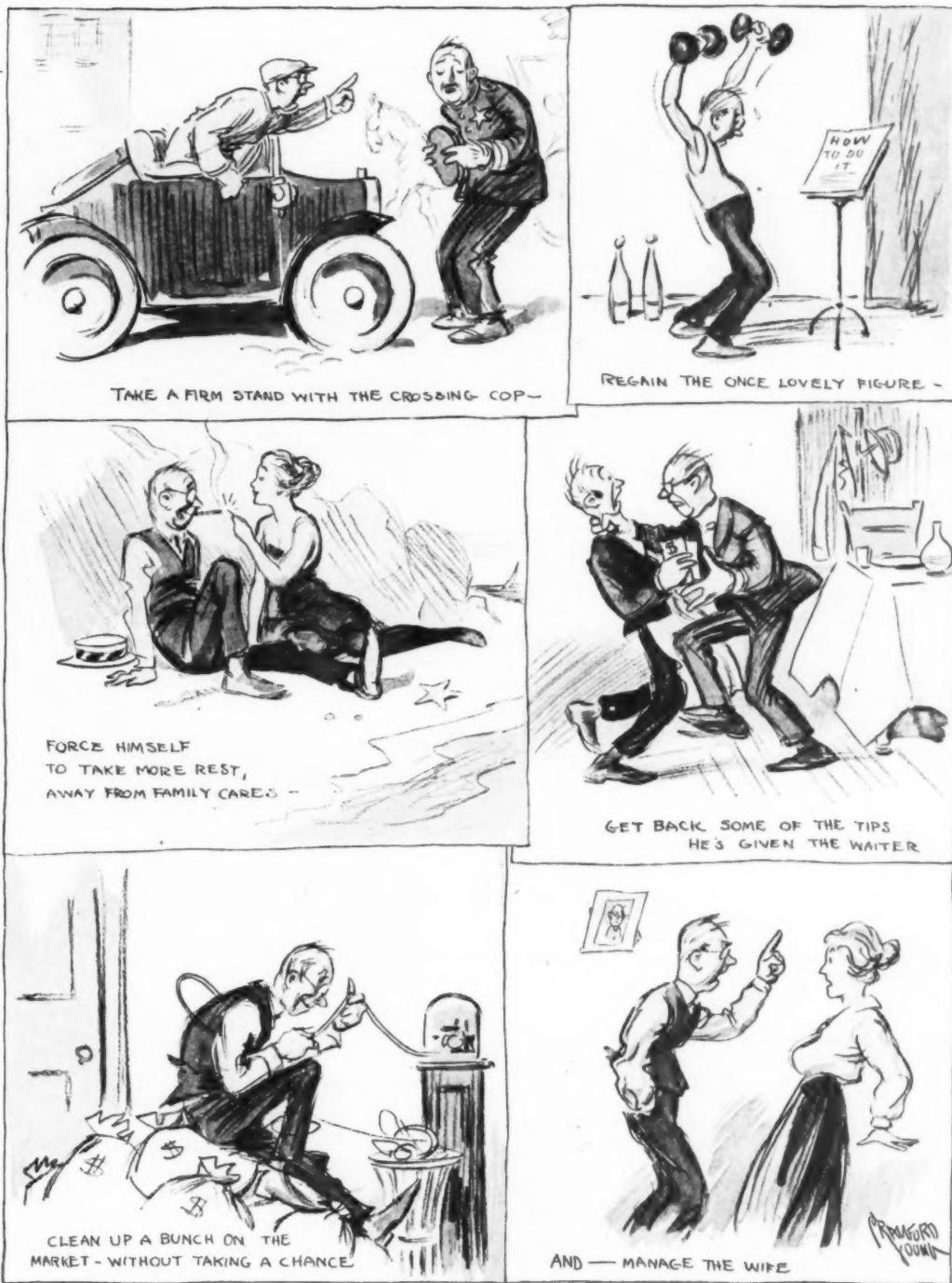
Already acknowledged.....	\$41.56
From Michigan, Jackson, Mich.....	1
Joseph and Mary Annis, Detroit, Mich.....	19
H. H.	10
Wm. H. Geisler, Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.44

\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 599

Wm. H. Geisler, Philadelphia, Pa.....	\$18.56
William H. Keller, Lancaster, Pa.....	5
Harter J. Wright, Richmond, Va.....	5
Miss Ardio Williams, San Francisco, Cal.....	20
Marie A. Boyd, Akron, O.....	5
Dr. James P. Boyd, Akron, O.....	5
W. W. Campbell, Napoleon, O.....	3
Chas. A. Schmettan, Toledo, O.....	5

\$66.56



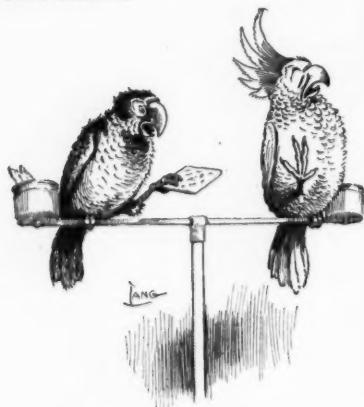
HOW THE AVERAGE MAN WOULD LIKE TO START THE NEW YEAR

The Four

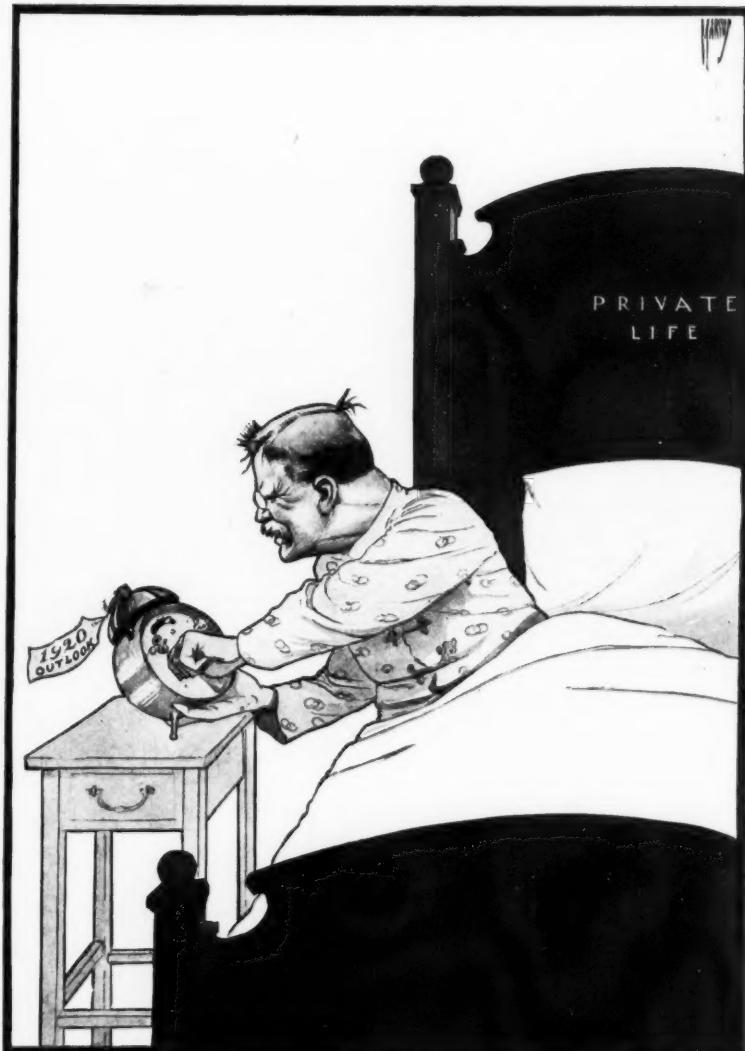
OUR population is made up of four distinct classes. Catalogued in the order of their numbers these are: Those Who Do Not Think, Those Who Think They Think, Those Who Think Wrong and Those Who Think.

The first-named class has converted the pastime of not thinking about anything into that king of national sports called Cheery Optimism, whose motto, "God's in His heaven; all's well with the world," is peculiarly well suited to mental ineptitude, as it is quite apparent to even the meanest intelligence that just now all is not well with the world. Some idea of the numerical strength of this class may be gleaned from the fact that all books, magazines, plays and ballads called "popular" are addressed directly to them.

Editors refer to them affectionately, and carefully "de-thought" their literature in deference to their taste. For serious reading they give them "American Girls Who Wear Coronets," "Christmas in Many Lands" and "The Toymakers of Nuremberg." The characters most favored in fiction by Those Who Do Not Think are the cowboy who proved to be an English earl and the benevolent washwoman who does so much good that her readers can cry and feel generous without spending a single cent. To this class a happy ending is a delicious mental cud, to be chewed from the closing of the book until bedtime.



"POLLY WANT A CRACKER?"
"NO, THANK YOU. I CONSIDER A STARCHY DIET DELETERIOUS AND HAVING A TENDENCY TO INCREASE ONE'S EMBONPOINT."



SETTING THE ALARM CLOCK

A censorious world gives but grudging credit to the theatrical manager, who alone has proved the innermost recesses of the empty American head. It is he who engages a composer of the rum-ti-tum school and eight librettists to prepare a musical comedy whose finest fruit is the song, "Ain't I the Daisy Little Peach?" a splendid syncopation to which—the management having interest in the song rights—the "Don't-Thinks" are played out into the lobby, where the words-and-music panthers lurk for their prey.

In the higher strata of society are to be found those who, having escaped the primal curse of labor as well as the heavier burden of thought, seek out the restaurant that supplies the worst food at the highest cost to an accompaniment of music that kills all attempts to think.

The sense of humor in this class is such that they have been hee-hawing ever since Bryan was convicted of the one sensible utterance of his life—that grape juice is a good summer drink.

James L. Ford.



"LOOK HERE, FATHER. BETTY AND I ARE HAVING AN AWFUL ROW. WHAT'S A MAN TO DO WHEN THE WOMAN HE LOVES IS UNREASONABLE?"
"MY SON, DO ALL YOU CAN TO MAKE HER THINK SHE'S RIGHT."



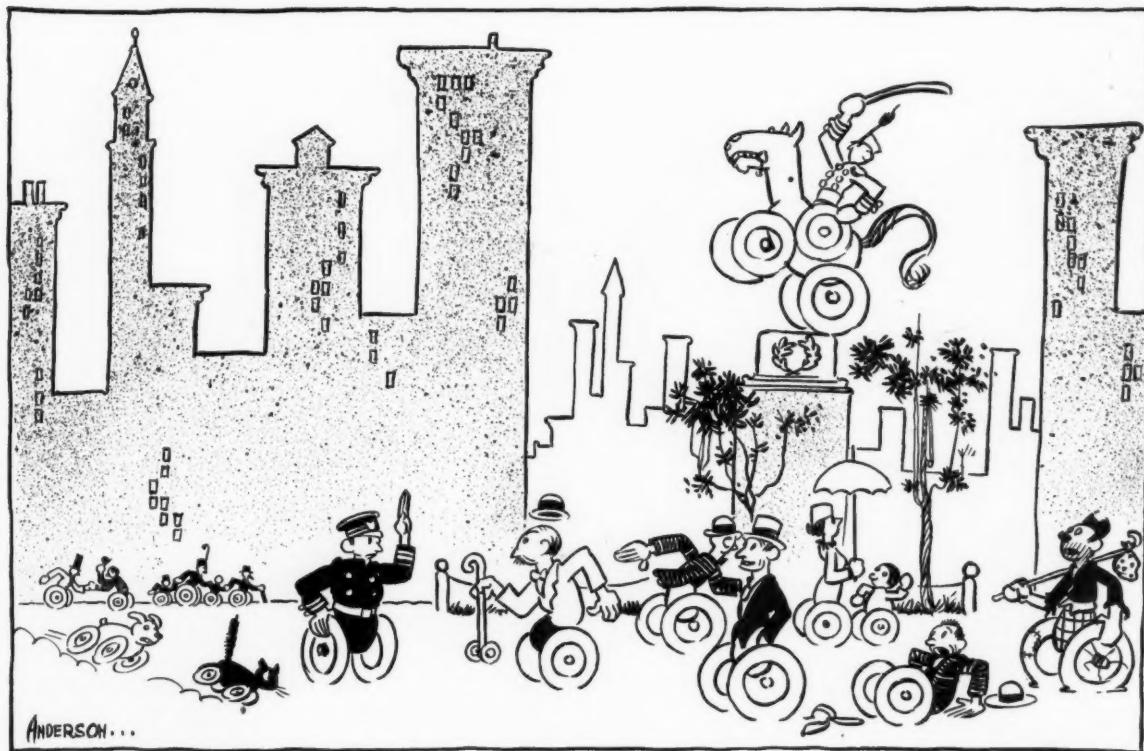
THE kind of enchantment that distance lends, when the distance is measured in time instead of space, analyzes mighty high in sentiment. Most stories for boys have the iridescent haze of high hopes interposed between the intended readers and the imagined action. And most boy tales for grown-ups are arranged 't other way about, with the vapors of memory as a refracting medium. Grant Showerman's boy record, "A Country Chronicle" (Century, \$1.50), gives us the history of two or three years of a country youngster's life, and has the uncanny fascination of an amazingly clear day when the outlines and aspects of far-off things are clean cut and undistorted.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT, the author of "Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning" and the salutary disturber of local somnolence in art criticism by a

year's series of cut-and-thrust articles in the *Forum*, has just published a volume called "The Creative Will" (Lane, \$1.50) that deals analytically with the fundamental principles of esthetics, the underlying common bases of the various arts, and the relation of these things to life, to the artist and to the individual. No student of the psychology of esthetics should miss this importantly radical piece of pioneer work, concentratedly rich in challenging suggestion and in its stimulation of self-knowledge. But it needs to be eclectically approached with a full realization of the fact that the brilliant author has the cocksure and contemptuous defects of his qualities markedly developed.

THE old saying has it that there are more ways of killing a cat than smothering it in cream. And Corra Harris has certainly found a good substitute in her "A Circuit Rider's Widow" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50) for the privilege, denied to women Methodists, of speaking out in meeting. To call the book a novel would be an obvious misnomer. It is scarcely a story. It is, rather, a loosely strung series of fictional reminiscences so contrived as to constitute at once an amusingly gossipy record of parochial happenings and characters and an

(Continued on page 1201)



WHEN THE MILLENNIUM COMES TO THE AUTO TIRE TRUST

A Great Hotel-Keeper

ONCE there was a successful hotel-keeper who came in for a large fortune and retired from business.

Why should a successful hotel-keeper ever retire from business, unless, indeed, he is tired out beyond recuperation?

What other calling can offer better chances of realizing the aim of statesmen and saints by promoting human happiness? What other calling is grounded on hospitality, a luxury which rich people spend fortunes to enjoy, a virtue which poor people pinch themselves to practice? Other philanthropists go about doing good, but the philanthropic hotel-keeper stays at home and does it to go-abouters.

George C. Boldt, who died the other day, so widely and heartily lamented, was the most successful hotel-keeper of his day. About three blocks from this office he ran for twenty-three years

a tavern the fame of which extends to the Andes and the Himalayas. He started so poor and ended so rich that the story of his career is pleasantly like a fairy-tale, but Simeon Ford, who talked to the *Post* about him on the day he died, said, in effect, that the basis of all his success was his humanity.

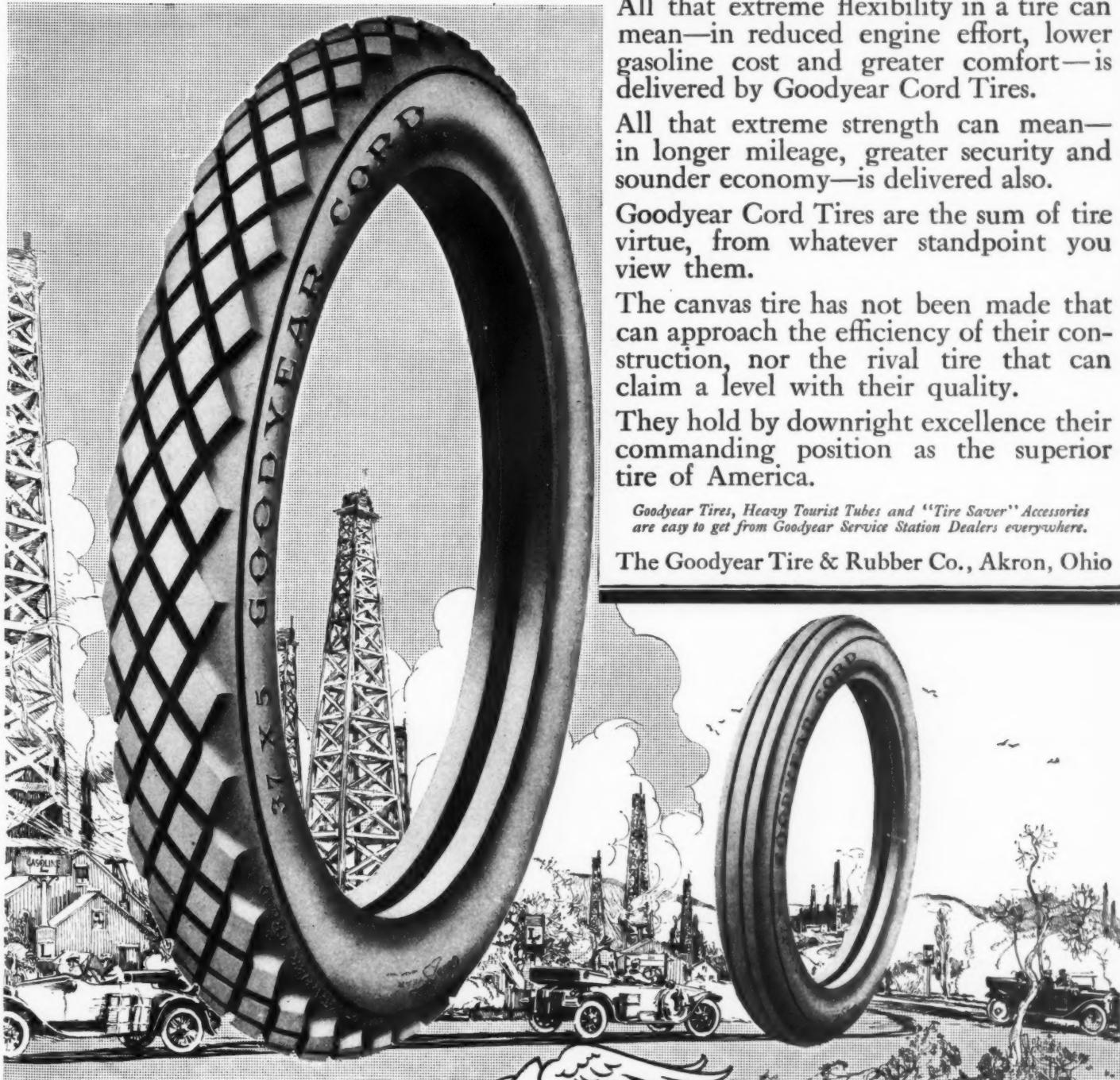
He was the most lovable, simple sort of a man. I do not believe he ever made an enemy. Of course, he put our eye out, the rest of us who could not keep up with him, but he was so nice about it we never complained. His help worshipped him, and if there were any good in a man he would find it out. You know we hotel-keepers were old sea-captains in our hotels, and we drove our people like slaves. I have seen Boldt walk up to a bell-hop, put his hand on his shoulder, and say, "Son, would you mind running up to the room for my hat?"

So Mr. Ford, and leaves in the mind

a pleasant picture of a winner. We hope our Southern and Western friends, who seem prone to think despondently of New York, will take note of it. If Gotham is a maelstrom in which the simple are engulfed and the good sucked down, the Waldorf-Astoria for twenty years has been its vortex. Behold it ruled by this kindly man who insisted that the people who came to him should be made happy, and who knew what to do for them, and did it.

Mr. Boldt was German-born, and perhaps his virtues were German virtues. But how utterly different his characteristics were from those the war has branded on the German people. Let us hope there are more German Boldts than we think, and no doubt there are. If they were all like him the world might almost consent to the Pan-German ideal of earth as humanity's great hotel kept by Germans.

*Oil Fields of Pennsylvania—
along the route of the Lincoln Highway*



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GOOD YEAR
AKRON
CORD TIRES



Shifting the Responsibility

Bessie had just received a bright new dime and was starting out to invest in an ice-cream soda.

"Why don't you give your money to the missionaries?" asked the minister, who was calling at the house.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I will buy the ice-cream soda and let the druggist give the money to the missionaries."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Got the Wrong Person

In no other household except that of a doctor could this mistake so plausibly have occurred.

"Get my bag for me at once!" boomed the doctor. "Some fellow says in a dying voice that he can't live without me."

"Just a moment!" interposed his wife. "I think that call is for daughter, dear."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



IS THIS THE YOUNG COUNTESS DE BOOFUL?
AH, NO! TAKE ANOTHER LOOK. 'TIS THE
O'FLANNIGAN KID!
(Tip back slightly to see kid's face.)

No Chance

One of the features of the Michigan copper country winter is the enormous amount of snow that falls and stays for months. Also, though the idea may not seem apropos, there are few negroes in the district. The only colored folk seen are the few waiters and porters from the railroad. Two of them were walking along the principal street of the copper town just after a heavy snowstorm. Said one to the other, in speaking of a mutual acquaintance:

"Dat niggah jes' treats me wif contempt lately. He jes' ignohs me. Passed me on de street yestiddy wifout speakin' to me."

"Maybe he didn't see you," suggested the other.

"Didn't see me! Say, man, you mean to say dat one niggah could pass 'nudder on de street in dis yeah town an' not see him? An' in all dis snow?"

—*Argonaut.*

FIRST GIRL: I can't just recall what a fugue is. Do you know?

SECOND GIRL: Certainly! It's one of those horrible family quarrels that Southerners carry on through generations.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Original Bottling Has Old Gold Label

GEO. A. DICKEL & COMPANY, Distillers NASHVILLE, TENN.

5D



THEIR WOODEN WEDDING

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 1197)

effectively feline arraignment of the revenue-creating organization of the Methodist Church. It is without form, but by no means void, for it gives constant play to Mrs. Harris's gift of witty and probing comment on life.

IT is amusing how many bated-breath inquiries (as of those toying with instant damnation) one hears about Moore's "The Brook Kerith," and how undisturbedly an opposite approach to the same inquiry, quietly conducted by William Dean Howells in "The Leatherwood God" (Century, \$1.35), is accepted. The latter is a homely fiction based on a historical happening in the backwoods of 1820 Ohio, where a wandering impostor set himself up as God, and was passionately believed in by a large part of the community. Mr. Howells makes a very human tale of it, with the life of the frontier and its near horizons intimately realizable. But only those who never read between the lines can miss the story's essential concern with the psychology of all human messiah-faith.

NO one of the many football books published in America has had more of the genuine, after-midnight, reunion-reminiscent spirit in it than the big, fat volume called "Football Days" (Moffat, Yard, \$2.50), just published by "Big Bill" Edwards (William H. in non-football circles) of the Princeton Varsity of the later nineties. The author's own football autobiography is here, as well as a vast amount of personal post-graduate knowledge of the game and its foremost players, and of the garnered recollections and anecdotaling of other veterans. The book most happily combines the informality of intimate talk with a Homeric suggestion of paraded heroes.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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**Famous Healing Waters**
Truly Wonderful—Naturally Heated—106°

In the waters at Hot Springs is found more radio activity than at any place in the world—a fact so fraught with importance that it is almost startling to suffering humanity. At none of the celebrated places in Europe are the natural waters so charged with all their gases and other health giving qualities—At no other place is the temperature prescribed for hot baths, that at which the water actually emerges from the earth in the natural springs.

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A lifelike photographic description of the Homestead Hotel and its surroundings, in natural colors. It tells of the 500 rooms—excellent cuisine—incomparable drinking water—attractive ballroom—fascinating drives—interesting trails and bridle paths—Golf courses and Tennis Courts. This book, together with the treatises on the therapeutic value of the waters, should be read by everyone looking for an ideal winter resort for rest, recuperation and recreation. We will gladly send copies upon request.

H. ALBERT, Resident Manager, Hot Springs, Va.
Booking Offices—Ritz-Carlton Hotels, New York, Philadelphia

At the Fountain

WHAT do you think of the Pulitzer fountain?

I'm getting used to it, and that worries me. It's like getting used to the war. One ought not to. He ought to keep right on shuddering and protesting. I'm afraid I'll get to like the fountain, and that that will mean debauched taste, just as getting used to the war means debauched moral sense. They're both awfully big, aren't they? How do you like it?



A Good Argument

As he dislikes motor-cars, a country squire always kept good horses. Recently he bought a handsome mare, and a few days later asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's a fine-looking animal, sir," replied the man, "but I'm afraid she's a bit touchy."

"Why do you think so?" questioned the squire.

"She doesn't seem to take to no one, sir. She can't bear me to go into her box to groom her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a few days," the squire reassured him. "Everything's strange to her, you know. I don't think there's much wrong with her temper."

"Nor didn't I at first, sir," replied the groom. "But, you see, she's kicked me out o' that there box twice already, and, when you come to think of it, that's very convincin'."—*Argonaut*.

"Whom is pretty Mrs. Gaddy in mourning for?"

"Nobody, that I know of, but she is in black for her husband."

—*Baltimore American*.

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Preparedness

STELLA: Are you getting your shopping done early?

BELLA: My friends are buying the things I shall give in 1917.—*The Sun*.



A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE Ark was all ready to sail. "Shem," asked Captain Noah, "did you give the newsdealer a standing order to mail LIFE every Tuesday to Ararat?"

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered Shem.

"All right, then," said Noah, "cast off."

The successful man usually is a self-controlled man.

He is moderate in his habit as well as in his speech.

He selects his food and drink with infinite care.

And his drink is very apt to be a very mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

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We are indebted to the Board of Health of the City of New York for the information that homogenized ice-cream may lawfully be sold in that city, and for the further information that homogenized ice-cream may be made of powdered skimmed milk and water. Among those things in the names of which crimes are committed ice-cream ranks right along with liberty and futurist art.

—*St. Louis Republic*.

Overheard in the Bowl

"Isn't this always the way? They build a thing for football, and the next thing you know it's being used for this opera stuff. Pretty soon they'll be having movies at the Metropolitan."

—*Yale Record*.

"NEVER despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."

"Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."

—*Baltimore American*.

A Ripe Old Age



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Wall Street the Wicked

THE Wall Street of fact is a market-place full of bawling brokers; the Wall Street of imaginative editors and orators is a malevolent monster, the offspring of an inky Welsh rabbit and a political nightmare. When the Higher Criticism flipped the Devil and Hades out of theology's plan of salvation, habit proved stronger than faith; human nature demanded some substitute for its ancient bogeys, some compensation for its lost scare-crows; and Wall Street was invented for a credulous republic.

In the weird and windy West, Wall Street is believed to be a digest of all the wickedness of all the world; it is the sin-eater of all the death, disease, disaster, destruction and depravity of America, the scape-goat for all the perils, panics, pilferings, pestilences and politics of the nation. Droughts, crop-failures, floods, earthquakes, cyclones, homicides, divorces, elopements, comic operas and bank failures are laid at its doors; it is accused of making the Tariff, manipulating the prices of living, misleading the Gulf Stream, misguiding the ministry, and maligning the Man in the Moon. In the sunny and shootful South, Wall Street is charged with begetting the boll weevil. In the tame and timorous East, Wall Street is a synonym for wealth and wickedness; an unregenerate with cash and cunning, devoid of conscience and character; a malignant mercenary wor-



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Look for this watermark in the stationery of firms of recognized importance. You will find it frequently.

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The Boy Who Became a Lawyer

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shipping the golden calf and leading lambs to the slaughter.

Wall Street is the national goat. In politics it is denounced with heat and hatred, its recognition avoided, its endorsement dreaded, and its financial aid sought and solicited. It makes the honest farmer shudder and the plain people squirm.

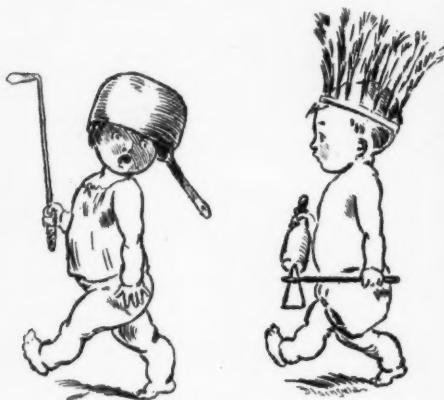
The more we consider Wall Street the more we are convinced that the discarded Devil was an over-rated four-flusher, a piffling amateur in depravity, a mere tyro in sin, a raw recruit in wickedness.

There may be good fathers and husbands, generous neighbors, pious churchmen and good sports in Wall Street; but the man so lacking in patriotism, piety and pulchritude that he dares to say so, is an impostor, a whitened sepulchre, and an enemy of Society. *Joseph Smith.*

The Mansions of the Rich

The old woman who lived in a shoe boasted.

"It is the most expensive sort of dwelling," she said.—*The Sun.*



WAR BABIES

Bad Resolutions

NEW YEAR'S is popularly understood to be a time when we are all of us expected to make good resolutions; but how many are there who make any bad ones? Is this due to our prevailing strain of hypocrisy—a sort of national unwillingness to face results?

Someone once defined the difference between a Frenchman and an American as lying in the fact that a Frenchman never spends his money even when he has it, but an American spends his money before he gets it. This being a comparatively new country, there is active competition in appearances, and none of us can wait to make a showing that will outclass our neighbor. Perhaps we do not dwell enough in the spirit and are too much obsessed by the fluctuations in real estate.

Why not face the results, and be square with ourselves? The idea is a novel one, and on this account alone should appeal to the Americans. If a man knows in his heart that he will, after a few lame days of resolution and irresolution, keep on smoking eight

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or ten cigars a day, why not make a bad resolution to continue this practice, and thus, at least, be square with one's self? Who knows that man, who smokes ten cigars a day, who is willing to admit that it is doing him any harm? Isn't it better to resolve to smoke ten cigars a day (or say twelve, to make good measure), and be willing cheerfully to take the consequences? Most of us are committed to the proposition (as business men put it) that we have a right to abuse our bodies, always provided that we never own up to it. But why not be willing to own up to it?

This, naturally, is not an argument against smoking or in favor of it. It is only an argument in favor of bad resolutions.

Making—deliberately—a bad resolu-

tion is, after all, only a natural method of correcting an evil. Suppose a man has acquired the habit of being irritable to his wife. No man admits that he is guilty. It would, indeed, be much more likely—if men were prone to confess their sins—to admit that smoking did him harm. But suppose, under the new regime, after facing the issue squarely, he admits that he is irritable. Consider how much he has gained. He is on record with himself. Perhaps he would better not admit it to his wife, just yet. We mustn't do too much at first. His wife might be too willing to agree with him. We must go gradually and feel our way along. He has then done an honest thing. He has faced the issue. He is bound to end by being pleasant to his wife. He cannot help himself. There is the honest fact of his acknowledged irritability constantly staring him in the face.

Thus we have two axioms. A good resolution is made only to be broken. A bad resolution is made—is brought into court, so to speak—only to be condemned on its own testimony.

Besides, a man's wife, when she finds him out (as she always will) will not like it. She will, of course, like him to be pleasant, because that is a permanent gain, but she will not like to have had him admit he was irritable. That is the way he can get even with her in advance.

Wives are that way, although no man has ever been able to discover the reason.

Carstairs
EST-1788
Rye

The name proves the quality

In the protective bottle—"a good bottle to keep good whiskey good."

One Who Knew

LADY PATIENCE sought a night's lodging. She knocked at a door, and the man who came looked at her and said, abruptly:

"You can't come in here. I ordered a new auto last week. It hasn't come, and it makes me fairly tremble with rage to look at you."

She passed out and knocked at another door. A rather good-looking woman came.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I thought you might be the man I hope to marry. No, thank you! I'm not entertaining strangers like you."

As Patience passed along, she was surrounded by a lot of young people, who hooted at her and reviled her.

"We haven't any use for you!" they all shouted.

At the door of a laboratory she knocked, and an old man with a skull cap and ferret eyes looked at her.

"Can you put me up for the night?"

"I cannot. For thirty years I have been seeking for a new theory of the universe. It lies in there, locked up in a chemical formula. I expect to find it to-night. Go!"



"THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE"

And so Patience passed out through the busy throng. But no one would entertain her; no one wanted to shelter her.

She was very tired, but not without hope.

Then a woman who had been watching her for some time came up and said:

"I will take you in. Indeed, I feel that I need your company."

Patience, looking at her and seeing

that she was somewhat old and not over-prosperous, said:

"How is it that you will keep me when all the others have beckoned me away? Have you no trouble?"

"Yes," said the woman, "I have great trouble. My son has gone away and left me. He went away some time ago."

Then she added with a smile, as she took Lady Patience by the hand:

"But I can wait, for I know that he will come back."

"We all know the world is moving, but how few of us understand the import of its moves"

THE WORLD'S WORK

In order to become thoroughly conversant with important events it is necessary only to read the monthly issues of THE WORLD'S WORK. Here you will find authoritative information in clear, concise articles and editorials. Here is the quintessence of world news—the explanations essential to a clear understanding of modern human progress.

PARTIAL CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1917

The Next Five Years of the Navy, by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N.

This is the first of four articles by Admiral Fiske on the problems presented by a larger navy.

The Quick and the Dead on the Mexican Border, by George Marvin

A balance sheet of the American and Mexican lives sacrificed on the Mexican frontier.

Paying Off the Mortgage on the U. S. A. The first of two articles by Albert W. Atwood

We have bought back enormous quantities of our foreign-owned bonds, and have become a creditor nation.

Japan's Acts in China, by Jeremiah W. Jenks

This article complements "China, America's Silent Partner," which appeared in the December number, and explains the effect of Japan's foreign policy on the United States and China.

James J. Hill's Rules of Business Success

Here is an article made up largely of extracts from personal letters, and notes from the unpublished biography of the Empire Builder, giving a clear insight into the business principles that governed the greatest railroad genius.

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What the Army has learned about sensible footwear, and some lessons for the civilian.

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The watching ruffians nearer creep;
One stretches out a muscled paw,
And grabs the lady by the jaw!
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A clinic 'twas, in dentistry.

He bends the knee with ardor bold;
She gazes down, aloof and cold.
He jabs her with a cruel knife;
She smiles, nor begs him for her life.
Now, lest this scene your feelings twist,
He was the dame's chiropodist.

The dainty vision stood at bay!
A brutal ruffian barred the way.
He paused with evil look to gloat
Upon the jewels at her throat.
He was—his task he could not shirk!—
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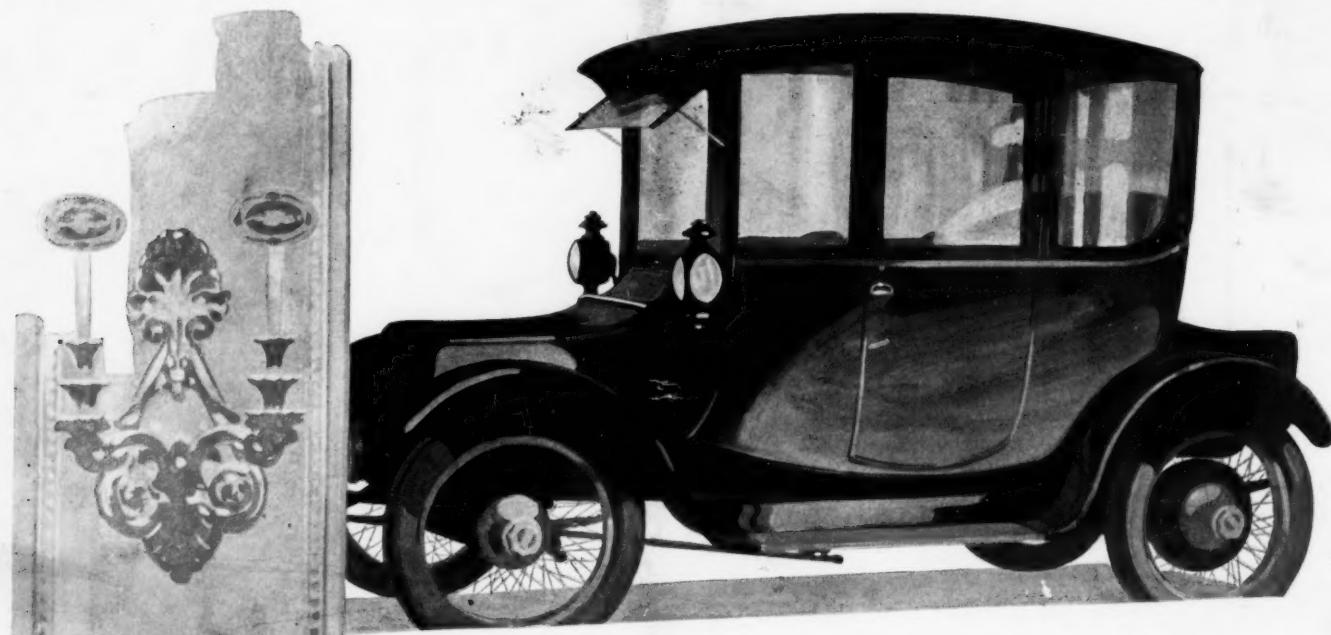
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